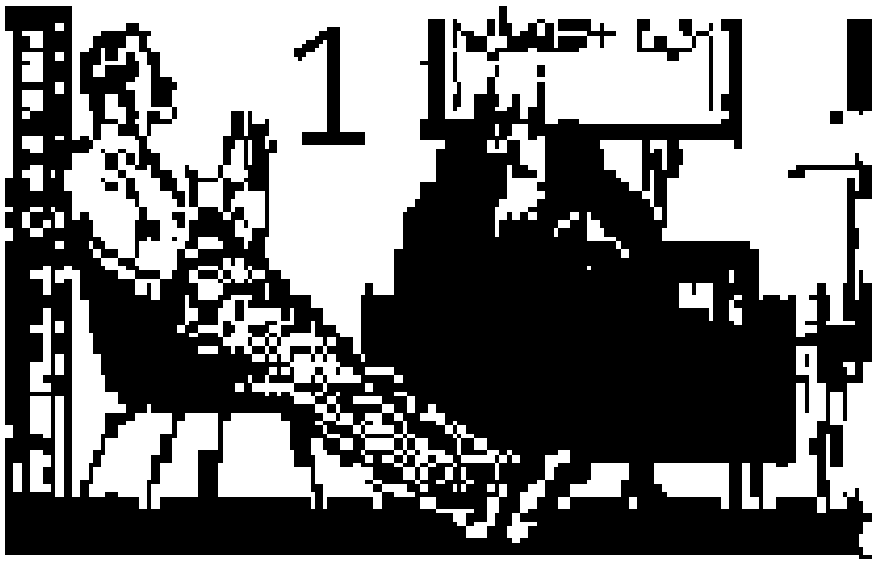
NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



1

3

Saline Solution

2

Wife's Money of Jackpot Fortune Teen Ice Man Plan Celebration on Film

4

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES F. ELLIS

COLOR SCHEME

"YOU can tell Mr. Winters is a great painter and truly a

Winters tonight. Why don't you go along, Jim?"

Winters viewed me without enthu-

A tall smiling girl with raven-black

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES F. ELLIS

COLOR SCHEME

"YOU can tell Mr. Winters is a great painter and truly a genius," Evelyn Gray said. "He's eccentric full time."

"Well," I said thoughtfully. "I'm pretty eccentric myself when I set my mind to it. I've been known to eat buttered bread with a knife and fork."

Evelyn clasped her hands. "And so Bohemian. When he drinks his soft drinks he sits on the floor."

Evelyn's mother smiled reminiscently. "When I was a young girl I posed for an artist."

Mr. Gray put down his newspaper and looked at her.

"Just my hands, dear," Mrs. Gray said. "He was painting a poster for the state fair. I posed holding a rhubarb pie with a blue ribbon on it."

"I met Mr. Winters at Bessie's party," Evelyn said. "He said that I had a head that ought to be put on canvas."

I frowned. "A girl isn't safe with those artists."

Mrs. Gray put down her knitting for a moment. "Evelyn is posing for Mr. Winters tonight. Why don't you go along, Jim?"

"I don't need a chaperon," Evelyn said stiffly.

Mrs. Gray smiled. "I understand that Mr. Winters is such a handsome man with a gleam in his eyes."

"I believe," I said reflectively, "that I'll go along with you, Evelyn."

Evelyn closed her eyes. "Don't be ridiculous. Why don't you just go home and read a good mystery?"

Mrs. Gray sighed. "Just the two of them alone in the studio."

"All alone and in the night," Mr. Gray echoed sadly. "No telling when a fuse will go."

Mr. Winters' studio was on the top floor of the Miner building. It appeared to be the size of a barn, and half of its ceiling was skylight.

He glanced at me and then greeted Evelyn with open arms. "Welcome, welcome, Miss Gray."

I cleared my throat. "I'm her fiance."

Evelyn regarded me. "Why don't you go in a corner or something? I'm sure you can amuse yourself."

Winters viewed me without enthusiasm. "An excellent idea. When I paint I don't like anyone gaping over my shoulder."

He turned his back on me and rubbed his hands. "And now, Miss Gray, will you please remove your hat and coat?"

I held up a finger. "And that's all."

Evelyn pointed to the corner.

I sighed and walked away. There was an easel in the far end of the room and paint was still wet on a palette. I shrugged and picked up a brush.

"Please sit on that chair on the platform, Miss Gray," Winters said. "You may relax somewhat at present. I'm merely going to study you for the best facial angles."

After ten minutes I got to my feet. "That's enough of that studying. I get your brain waves all the way over here."

Evelyn's eyes narrowed as she glared at me. I resumed painting.

There was a knock on Winters' door and he grunted angrily as he went to answer it.

A tall smiling girl with raven-black hair strode into the room. "I'm here. Stop whatever you've been doing."

Winters clasped his forehead. "Why must you haunt me?"

She grinned. "Our psyches dovetail."

"Meg Higgins," Winters muttered by way of introduction and stalked back to his canvas.

Meg came to my corner. "Ah, a chaperon. I see that I wasn't needed."

I made a couple of bold strokes with my brush. "I really have no talent, so I just express myself. Notice how I'm brimming with soul."

She studied the canvas. "You've managed to use a unique combination of colors."

"I'm color blind," I said proudly. "This represents the first primeval wave to erode the shores of Hackensack."

Meg sat down next to me and lowered her voice. "I'm Peter's fiancee. He pretends to be irritated when I break in like this, but actually he's afraid to be alone with another

"Paris," Meg said ecstatically. "It's the only place to go. And I could teach you . . ."

Artist's fiancee and model's fiance team up to spur their sweethearts to the altar

By Jack Ritchie

woman. When I'm late, he gets panic-stricken and phones."

I raised a suspicious eyebrow.

Meg smiled. "He's got to appear

with violet highlights that I have ever seen."

Winters looked in our direction and frowned.

"Where are the violet tints in her eyes?" Evelyn demanded. "I don't see any."

"And then Tahiti," I said to Meg.

less for a moment. He scratched his head slowly. "I've got the feeling I just bid accidentally at an auction."

I let my shoulders slump with de-

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woman. When I'm late, he gets panic-stricken and phones."

I raised a suspicious eyebrow.

Meg smiled. "He's got to appear dangerous to women. His reputation as an artist would suffer otherwise."

She sighed. "Sometimes I believe he's even afraid of me. We've been engaged for three years and he still hedges when I suggest a definite day for us to get married."

I bit the end of my brush while I examined my painting. "We both have the same problem. I've been asking Evelyn the same thing for the last four years."

We were silent with our thoughts for some time and then I looked at her.

"Meg," I said in a voice that carried to the other side of the room, "you have the most beautiful violet eyes I've ever seen. I absolutely must paint you."

She was startled for a moment and then suppressed a grin. "Brown," she prompted softly.

I made the correction. "You have the most beautiful brown eyes tinted with violet highlights that I have ever seen."

Winters looked in our direction and frowned.

"And I could do a portrait of you, too," Meg said. "I'm something of a painter myself."

"I knew it," I said with feeling. "Your eyes are radiant with ability."

"Paris," Meg said ecstatically. "It's the only place to go. And I could teach you. Painting, too, I mean."

Evelyn rose and stepped off the platform. She put her hands on her hips.

I struck my hand with my fist. "By George, Meg, you bring out the latent artist in me. I used to be an accountant, but that was yesterday. From now on I paint the female form divine. Change from logical to illogical figures, so to speak."

Winters strode purposefully over to us and Evelyn was not far behind. He looked at my painting and his lip curled. "I don't see Hackensack."

My smile was superior. "I refuse to duplicate anything that a camera can do better. That is for hacks."

"Where are the violet tints in her eyes?" Evelyn demanded. "I don't see any."

"And then Tahiti," I said to Meg. "I'll be dissolute in no time. You'll be proud of me."

Winters glared at me. "Meg is my fiancee."

I snapped my fingers. "A temporary arrangement. I'm thinking of bigger things for this girl."

Evelyn's eyes widened in shock. "But you're engaged to me!"

Winters glowered. "I've got a good mind to punch you in the nose."

Meg lowered her eyelids. "Why, Peter! You'd strike me?"

Winters' voice squeaked. "Not you. I mean him." He turned to her. "I love you, Meg."

Meg shrugged. "Always a fiancee, never a bride."

"Name the day," Winters said fiercely. "Go ahead, name it!"

Meg spoke so fast she almost stumbled over her words. "The 25th of this month."

Winters blinked and stood speechless for a moment. He scratched his head slowly. "I've got the feeling I just bid accidentally at an auction."

I let my shoulders slump with defeat. "Oh, well, there's still Paris, Tahiti, Sheboygan." I got to my feet.

"Where are you going?" Evelyn demanded.

"To an art supply house," I said. "I can't work without tools, you know."

"Now wait a minute," Evelyn said desperately. "You haven't asked me to marry you today yet."

I smiled with cosmic sadness. "What would be the use? I already know the answer. A definite, 'Some day.'"

"Ask me! Ask me!" Evelyn said.

There was expectant silence while I rubbed my chin. All three of them were waiting eagerly.

"I feel mad with power." I said finally.

Evelyn and I went up North for our honeymoon. The trip took us longer than I'd figured.

Evelyn made me detour around Sheboygan.

THE END